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Time CIA

TODAY

Can you keep a secret? Okay... then listen to what these spies, spooks, agents, moles are up to in the realm of espionage. Maybe you, too, will be tempted to flirt with danger! _____ By James Horwitz

□ "CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY . . . Where your career is America's strength . . . Unique overseas assignments that challenge your every talent . . . You will frequently live and work in foreign lands and interact with persons on all levels. You will find yourself in situations that will test your self-reliance to the utmost; situations that demand quick thinking to solve problems on the spot. You can forget about a 9-to-5 routine. You must be adventurous yet self-disciplined and tough-minded. And your assignments will call on the deepest resources of your intelligence, knowledge, and responsibility . . . We will respond to written enquiries. No phone calls please."

—From the classifieds in the Sunday New York Times

Uncle Casey Wants You

Jumping James Bond! The CIA recruiting spies from the want ads? The mind reels with images of trench coats, clandestine meetings on the rain-slicked back streets of Berlin, secret passwords, invisible ink—echoes of Mata Hari and all the espionage novels you've ever read, not to mention visions of those armies of the night creepy-crawling through the jungles of Southeast Asia and Central America. Cloak-and-dagger derring-do. Twitchings of paranoia.

But is the spy life *really* like that—a thriller demimonde of international intrigue, breathless adventure? Have you ever wondered what goes on in the whisper world of the CIA? Can you keep a secret?

Up From a Band of Thugs

"Gentlemen do not read each other's mail," a former Secretary of State was said to have remarked high-mindedly in a more innocent time. "When the fate of a nation and the lives of its soldiers are at stake," Allen Welsh Dulles, one of the founding fathers of the CIA and a fabled spymaster, retorted years later, "gentlemen do read each other's mail—when they can get their hands on it."

That, in essence, is what the CIA is all about. And its one rule of engagement is: Don't get caught! What Rudyard Kipling once called "the great game of spying" has, of course, always been pretty murky. These days, it is simply more complex and pervasive, if not perverse.

The United States, as a matter of fact, is something of a latecomer to the great game, never having had an official, government-authorized foreign-intelligence service until, spurred

by the incipient paranoia of the early cold war, the Central Intelligence Agency was created by the National Security Act of 1947. Manned in those early years predominantly by gifted tyros—wealthy and socially prominent Ivy League lawyers, stockbrokers, academics, and athletes—the young CIA compensated for its amateurism with dedicated patriotism, enthusiasm, and some daring. "We were a marvelous band of thugs," says an ex-Yalie who joined up in the early fifties, speaking nostalgically of the years he spent as an American secret agent in the Far East in the guise of an English gentleman (complete with monocle and waistcoat) straight out of the pages of Somerset Maugham or Graham Greene. "In those days, all you needed were guts, self-discipline, confidence, and a sense of adventure. It was an exciting life. I'm not sure the Agency would even accept people like us today. We were unconventional, not the programmed type."

Indeed, the CIA today not only advertises in the *Times* but sets up its recruiting booths at college career fairs right next to the likes of IBM and General Motors. The Agency of the eighties has become a giant intelligence conglomerate (euphemistically called The Company by its employees, as if it were just another multinational corporation) whose extensive international operations and activities can only be guessed at. Its ranks number more than seventeen thousand people (the exact figure is a secret), and it has a budget (again secret) in the billions of dollars. With sophisticated high-tech gadgets, spy satellites whirling through space, and a host of undercover operatives on the prowl all over the world, the CIA can now read the opposition gentleman's mail even before it is delivered. It can count his arsenal and calculate his food production, eavesdrop on his phone calls and listen to his pillow talk. It can see him in the dark. With enough information, its computers and analysts can sometimes deduce what he is going to do before he does it. And the CIA has been known to send secret armies under false flags and counterfeit colors to frustrate his diplomatic designs and tangle his alliances.

Yet being an organization steeped in secrecy, the CIA naturally doesn't like to admit or even discuss what it does or is capable of doing. "We're not a James Bond operation," says an Agency spokesman a bit disingenuously, being careful not to actually say anything. "There's a lot of misperception of what we're about. I look at it like any corporation. We're an elite organization with a vital mission to carry out. We're here to produce the best intelligence in the world."

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